

## Hot to Trot

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/12705969) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/12705969>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Mature</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">The Transformers (IDW Generation One)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Megatron/Ratchet</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Megatron (Transformers)</a> , <a href="#">Ratchet (Transformers)</a> , <a href="#">Background &amp; Cameo Characters</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Sticky Sexual Interfacing</a> , <a href="#">Valve and Aft Port</a> , <a href="#">Tribbing</a> , <a href="#">Sex Toys</a> , <a href="#">Sex Pollen</a> , <a href="#">Aphrodisiacs</a> , <a href="#">Mildly Dubious Consent</a> , <a href="#">alcohol use</a> , <a href="#">Semi-Public Sex</a>
Series:	Part 1 of <a href="#">Between the Lines</a>
Stats:	Published: 2017-11-12 Words: 11511

## Hot to Trot

by [dracoqueen22](#)

### Summary

It wasn't supposed to happen the first two times, but when Megatron showed up on Ratchet's doorstep suffering from the same aphrodisiac as Ratchet himself, well, what would one more romp hurt?

### Notes

This is for Ugly\_Nicc, who gave me a most delectable prompt and I took it and ran, cackling merrily all the way.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The first time they fragged, Ratchet was lonely and tipsy and just stupid enough that a pitiful looking Megatron was a better outlet for his frustrations than anyone else on the Lost Light. Ratchet wasn't lacking for options, but somehow, a smirking former warlord was the perfect flavor he needed to chase out the anger and the irritation and the emotions boiling beneath the surface.

It helped that Megatron, for all he was the living embodiment of evil and the single greatest threat to the safety of Cybertron, was attractive. He was sturdy, strong... big. Big enough to wrap his hands

around Ratchet's thighs and haul him up against the wall like he weighed nothing, thick spike sinking into Ratchet's valve like it was laying claim and spilling charge over his internal nodes in heavy, pulsing waves.

It had to be the engex, Ratchet assumed dizzily, the cubes he consumed four times the size of the measly sample Swerve had given him so long ago. The engex was bitter and potent and it sat in his tanks like rustrot and low grade, but it turned the world fuzzy and bright and eager. He still tasted it on his glossa, in the kiss even, as Megatron pinned him to the wall and nipped at his mouth with sharpened, but filed denta.

It was the engex, Ratchet snarled as his back scraped red streaks into the ship's walls, here in this semi-abandoned corridor of the Lost Light. Somewhere anyone could stumble on them, and maybe Ratchet cared that someone would, or maybe he didn't. Maybe all that mattered was the pleasure licking up his spinal strut in lightning bursts and the way Megatron's grip was tight enough to dent metal on anyone who wasn't an ancient medic with one foot in the grave.

Ratchet thought he should have protested. He might have, maybe, half-sparked as it was, and not at all believable for that. He wanted, and there was shame in that, but frag if Megatron wasn't so well put together and *big*, and Ratchet had always been weak for the big ones. The big, powerful mechs who could handle a heavy medic like he weighed nothing, who didn't treat Ratchet like he was breakable, but rather like someone who wanted to be tossed around.

Mechs like Megatron, who ate at Ratchet's mouth like he was starving. Who growled and grunted, their frames clanging together noisily enough to draw a crowd, if anyone were brave enough to watch. And whoever was on watch duty was probably getting a show out of the corridor's surveillance. Ratchet was just soused enough not to care.

He slid his fingers into seams, wrapped them around cables and pulled, calves and ankles beating on the back of Megatron's legs in violent urging. He hissed in between kisses, goads and challenges, demanding more, which Megatron granted him with dark chuckles and optics heavy like smoldering coals. Something about the way the light overhead glinted over his Autobot badge made the shame rise up again, until Ratchet smothered it with the pleasure rippling through his valve, the way Megatron pierced him, deeper and deeper, thick head grinding on his ceiling node.

Ratchet gasped and bucked against Megatron, thighs squeezing tight, tugging just a shade too hard on cables, enough to make Megatron hiss and bare his pointed denta. His valve spiraled down tight, milking the thickness of Megatron's spike for all it was worth, his own spike pressurized and rubbing on Megatron's abdominal plates, the rough skitter of the head over overlapping plates adding to the delightful friction.

Ratchet moaned.

Megatron chuckled, deep and dark and dangerous and every shameful fantasy Ratchet had ever indulged in, his fingers deep in his valve and tight around his spike.

"Look at you," Megatron taunted, voice like rich engex and hidden caverns, probably mockery, maybe appreciation. "Just drunk enough not to care that you're getting railed by an evil, evil Decepticon."

Ratchet hissed an invective.

It was a totally inappropriate time to overload, which was why he did, clamping down hard on

Megatron's spike and painting Megatron's abdomen with transfluid. He snarled against Megatron's mouth, into a near-violent kiss, and his back hit the wall hard as Megatron all but threw him into it.

Megatron laughed into the messy, rough kiss. He fragged Ratchet like he wanted to paint himself, paint this illicit encounter, into the very metal of the wall. He thrust hard and deep, and the searing splatter of his transfluid was enough to pull another overload out of Ratchet. He swallowed the shame, same as he did his cry of pleasure, and clung to Megatron through the throes of ecstasy.

Megatron ate at his mouth, the echoes of overload making their plating ruffle, their engines thrum a discordant cadence. Megatron's spike lingered in Ratchet's valve, half-pressurized, a promise for more.

More Ratchet found himself wanting, and if that wasn't enough to revamp the shame clawing at the back of his spark chamber, the slick feel of transfluid in his valve certainly helped. He indulged in the kiss, lips swollen where Megatron bit at them, his frame hot where they pressed together, the feel of Megatron's hands on his hips far too erotic.

Ratchet growled and shoved at Megatron's chest. "Put me down," he demanded, and obedience was immediate.

His feet dropped to the floor as Megatron held him only long enough to make sure he was steady. Though steady was a strong word. Ratchet's world kept sliding off to the right, and he knew the engex was only partially to blame. Fluids trickled down the inside of his thighs, and damn but they weren't transfluid alone.

"Is this the part where you call for security?" Megatron asked, his words darkly amused, but a shadow of something in his optics.

Ratchet didn't know if he should call it fear or not, though he was tempted when Megatron stepped back, hands lifted as if in surrender, the distance between them physically minute, but speaking of an immaterial chasm.

Ratchet snorted. "What kind of mech do you think I am?" he demanded, proud of himself for not stuttering or slurring his vocals. He pointed a finger at Megatron and narrowed his optics. "This didn't happen."

"Oh, so that's the way you want to play it." Megatron folded his arms over his massive chest, Ratchet's transfluid still painting his abdomen like some kind of lurid claim.

"It's not a game. This didn't happen," Ratchet repeated and glared at Megatron, using the fiercest one he had in his arsenal. He shook his finger at Megatron in stern warning. "And it's not happening again."

Megatron tilted his head. "Whatever you say." There was mockery in the curl of his lip.

Anger flared through Ratchet like a flashbomb. He growled, his engine echoing him, and spun on a heelstrut. He stomped down the corridor, leaving Megatron behind him, aware of the fluids trickling down his thighs, spattering on the floor behind him, a lewd path anyone could follow to find the source of Ratchet's shame.

Megatron's amusement burned between his shoulders. Fury cropped up, scathing retorts and caustic curses, but Ratchet swallowed them all down.

Staying away from Megatron would be easy, he figured. That smugness was enough of a turn off. Ratchet was certain he'd never frag Megatron again, and this time, he'd chalk up solely to the enigma and Megatron's proximity.

It could have been anyone, he reasoned. Anyone.

~

The second time they fragged was entirely Megatron's fault.

Megatron's fault, Ratchet's medic protocols, and the provocative dreams haunting Ratchet's recharge, which had him onlining and reaching for one of the many toys he kept on hand. He'd buffed out the scratches and paint transfers after his last encounter with Megatron, but the memories of them caught up to him during recharge.

His hips ached, his valve clenched on nothing, and the pleasure preoccupied his waking hours. He found himself eying other mechs on the Lost Light, equal in size to Megatron, wondering if their hands could wrap around his thighs as Megatron's had.

Ratchet blamed a lot of things, Megatron especially. Though he admitted, if grudgingly, that evil warlord or not, Megatron had kept his end of the bargain. He'd told no one about their tryst in the corridor, and whoever had gotten to the security feeds didn't blab about it either.

No one seemed to know about Ratchet's little indiscretion. He preferred it that way. It would definitely never happen again.

Megatron kept his distance, too. Like the intelligent mech he was.

And then a month later, Megatron walked into the medbay for his daily dose of fool's energon, and Ratchet was the only one around who could give it to him. He'd been foisting that particular duty off on everyone, *anyone* else honestly. Not because he was embarrassed. Pah. Ratchet didn't know the meaning of the word embarrassed. It wasn't temptation either.

He didn't have to explain himself actually.

There Megatron was, recently washed and polished, his Autobot badge gleaming, a look of irritation on his face as he patiently waited for his serving of the foul concoction meant to tame him. Ratchet didn't much approve of the psychological game Optimus had going on, since it put so many Autobots in danger, but if it kept Megatron cowed, he supposed he'd have to trust in it. For now.

"I suppose you want your energon," Ratchet grunted and gestured Megatron to a semi-private berth nearby.

"Want is a strong word, medic," Megatron replied with a sigh and dropped down heavily onto the berth, it creaking beneath him. "It is a matter of necessity, though I would prefer something with a better flavor."

Ratchet drew Megatron a cube and thrust it toward the mass-murderer. "The point is that you don't

enjoy it.”

“Clearly.” Megatron made a face, like a newspark being fed medicinal coolant, and chugged the energon in one swoop. All the better not to taste it, Ratchet supposed. “Primus, that is foul. What a petty punishment.”

Ratchet snatched back the empty cube, tossing it into the recycler. “It’s not a punishment. It’s a--”

“--deterrent for the safety of my crew. Yes, I know.” Megatron gave him a baleful look as he moved to slide off the berth.

“Stay.” Ratchet held up a hand, fingers unexpectedly coming into contact with the broad strength of Megatron’s chest, hot beneath his touch and vibrating from his engine. “You’re here. I might as well do that maintenance you’ve been avoiding for a month.”

Megatron grunted and sat back, out of reach. He arched an orbital ridge at Ratchet. “I’ve been doing the avoiding? That’s new to me.”

Ratchet ignored the goad. He grabbed a scanner instead and pointed it at Megatron, bombarding the co-captain with a series of scans meant to measure and diagnose quickly. He had his suspicions about what the scans would reveal, and all but one of them were confirmed.

“You’re stressed,” he observed, mostly a comment made to himself, but Megatron heard it nonetheless.

What great restraint it must have taken, for Megatron to resist the urge to reply with scathing sarcasm. “Yes,” he said, with a laugh that wasn’t at all amused. “I am. Surrounded by enemies forced to be allies while waiting for an execution that has only been delayed, I suppose I am.”

Ratchet would not feel guilty. His protocols, however, gnawed at him. Stressed mech, systems strained as a result, fix it, fix it now.

“Find a way to lower it,” Ratchet said as he dug in his supply cabinet for a new air filter. Megatron’s was in sorry shape. “I don’t need to tell you what can happen to a frame with strained systems.” More frequent trips to the medical bay, for starters, and Ratchet already knew Megatron wasn’t fond of them to begin with.

Chromedome had learned to keep his distance from their new co-captain, and with good reason. If there was one mech on the ship Ratchet feared Megatron might attack indiscriminately, it wasn’t actually Whirl. It was Chromedome.

“I’ll make it my top priority,” Megatron drawled as he twisted at an angle and lifted an arm, popping one of his exterior panels so Ratchet could get to the filter. “Perhaps meditation. I hear it soothes the spark.”

Ratchet snorted again, memories of Drift rising up at the back of his mind. Hippy-dippy woo-woo slag, everywhere he looked. Though it seemed to work for Drift, the former Decepticon, who tried too hard to be what he wanted to be.

He yanked out the old filter and snapped the new one into place, frowning at the state of the used one. It should have been changed months ago. “Either that or an outlet,” Ratchet said, almost absently. “Sparring. Exercising. Fragging. Something that involves you working out your

frustrations.”

“Fragging,” Megatron repeated, his vocals thick with amusement, as he leaned back and peered at Ratchet. “That wouldn’t be an offer, perhaps, for the event which never happened?”

Ratchet reared back, mouth agape at the sheer gall. “Of course not!” he spluttered, heat filling his faceplate as the erotic dreams rushed to the forefront of his conscious, whispering sweet ideas of the best method of stress relief.

Megatron shrugged, as nonchalant as only he could be, when he’d been so thoroughly rejected. It had to be hard, a mech like him, being rejected. Ratchet imagined it didn’t happen much. Megatron had a draw to him, a siren’s song, and it was too easy to get pulled into his web.

“Pity,” Megatron said, with a lick of his energy field along the length of Ratchet’s, as tangible and hot as a touch up his backstrut, dragging out a shiver. “It seems I’ll have to look elsewhere for exercise.”

Elsewhere, he said, as though the images weren’t streaming through Ratchet’s cortex. As though he didn’t want to pin Megatron to that berth and made him quiver, make him pant and moan as so few dared to do. Worse that his protocols latched on to the idea like an Empty on a scrap of energon.

Fix, fix, fix, they said, and there Megatron was, big and shined up and freshly energized and watching Ratchet with a restrained curiosity but a curl to the corner of his mouth like he already knew he’d won. He radiated smugness, and Ratchet had never wanted to frag the self-satisfaction off someone’s face harder than he did in that moment.

The desire to spank Rodimus into submission was another matter entirely.

“I’m sure you’re capable of coming up with a solution,” Ratchet grumbled, but his spike had started throbbing, and his optics kept roaming over Megatron’s frame, which he hadn’t been able to appreciate in their last encounter that didn’t happen.

He wondered if he could bend Megatron over that berth. He wondered if Megatron would let him. He wondered if simply making the offer would see the infamous warlord bolt from the room.

“Ah, but the simplest one is always better.” Megatron stood, stretching his arms over his head, widening the gaps in his plating, allowing peeks of the gleaming cables beneath, as shiny as the rest of him.

Fix, fix, fix.

Frag it.

“Fine,” Ratchet said as his hands snapped to his hips and his lips curved in a wicked grin. Here was the part where Megatron’s bravado whittled away. “Get on the berth, pop your panels, and I’ll drive you so hard you won’t remember this conversation ever happened.”

Megatron laughed, not mockingly, and his lips pulled into a smirk. He leaned back against the medberth, hips against the edge, elbows braced on it behind him. “You wouldn’t rather have me on my hands and knees?”

What a mental image. But no. If Ratchet was going to frag Megatron into oblivion, it was going to be

where he could see every inch of naked lust on the mech's face.

Ratchet triggered the door closed and locked it with a code no one on this ship could override, save Rodimus and he knew far better than to do so. "If I did, I would've said so," he retorted as he turned back toward Megatron.

He didn't waste time on a subtle slink. He crossed the floor in three swift strides and put himself between Megatron's knees, his hands braced to either side of Megatron's hips.

"Here's your chance to back out." Ratchet grinned with a mouthful of denta. "I promise I won't think less of you."

Megatron snorted, hooked a hand behind Ratchet's head, and yanked him into a kiss. All denta, all glossa, no gentleness, all lust. He still tasted of that foul fool's energon, but his field was hot and staticky against Ratchet's, and his knees pressed in on Ratchet's hips in silent demand.

Well then.

So that was how Ratchet found himself fragging Megatron into the medberth, Megatron's legs hiked around his waist, his hands entangled with Megatron's, palm to palm. He'd pinned Megatron's hands to the berth beside Megatron's head, and the pressure of Megatron's grip against his sensors made pleasure lick like hot fire through his sensor net.

Megatron opened for him without asking, valve slick and accommodating, greedy for the first long and slow thrust, and demanding more, more, more. His calipers rippled and clutched, feeding charge into the sensor nodes of Ratchet's spike. He panted into Megatron's intake and against Megatron's lips.

The first overload was immediate, on Megatron's side at least. He moaned, threw his head back, and clenched down on Ratchet's spike, lubricant seeping out around it as he overloaded. Ratchet smirked.

"Been a long time, has it?" he asked. "Or maybe you're just sensitive."

"Shut up," Megatron snarled and bucked up against him.

Ratchet laughed against his lips and rolled into Megatron, deep and grinding, denta gritted against the hot, squeezing pleasure. Megatron's field buzzed against his, scalding with need, hungry and desperate. His hips snapped up to meet Ratchet's thrusts. His hands squeezed Ratchet's. He made these sounds, deep in his intake, deep in his chest.

Wholly erotic sounds they were. Growls and gasps and moans. His head tilted back, his optics half-shuttered and gleaming with an inner fire. It was unfair, how sexy he was, and as a second overload wracked Megatron's frame, his spike emerged, thick and pressurized, and Ratchet's valve clenched in memory of that spike filling him oh so sweet.

Megatron squirmed on Ratchet's spike like he hadn't had intimate contact in millennia. He was thirsty for it, gasping out demands for more, his heels drumming the back of Ratchet's legs to an imperfect cadence. Megatron melted beneath Ratchet, there was no better word for it. The way the lines of stress eased from his face, and how his armor loosened and softened, some of the unease and tension whisking away in the wake of two overloads and the build-up of a third.

He looked younger. Softer. Like the fresh-faced miner who had a dream the universe tried to pummel out of him, but he was stronger than the forces of change gave him credit. He came back, every time, a little more fierce, a lot more ready to do what was necessary, until even that line was stepped over, and what became necessary was any untenable act to meet a goal lost to the spilled energon, scorched battlefields, and millions upon millions of deaths of those now forgotten.

It was almost enough to make Ratchet falter in his rhythm. For the shame to ride the wake of pleasure, but then Megatron's hands tightened around his, fingers interlocked. He made a sound, a whimper more than a moan, and Ratchet licked his way to Megatron's intake, felt the echoes of those noises on his glossa.

His spike ached. The rippling pull of Megatron's valve around him was intoxicating. Megatron squirming beneath him was even more so.

Megatron growled out a noise, a cross between a moan and a whimper, and he overloaded again, this time with a spatter of transfluid against Ratchet's belly and windshield. Ratchet ground deep, spike swallowed by Megatron's valve, and was pulled into his own overload, striping Megatron's valve with his spill as lips and denta closed around Megatron's intake. He felt the rhythm of Megatron's energon against his mouth. He bit hard enough to leave a mark, every pulse of his overload feeling as though it were being yanked from his spike.

Ratchet collapsed on top of Megatron, drained, fans whirring, heat billowing in the air around them. Megatron's engine thrummed, vibrating his frame, and Ratchet's fingers ached where they'd been interlocked.

It took too many long, embarrassing moments for Ratchet to realize he was all but cuddling Megatron in the semi-privacy of the medbay. He withdrew, reclaiming his fingers and his spike, which slid out of Megatron with a trickle of lubricant and transfluid in its wake. Megatron's valve contracted, anterior node bright and plump, and Ratchet's mouth filled with lubricant.

He would never admit how much he wanted to taste that fierce little nub.

Megatron lounged into the berth, self-satisfied to the core, his legs hanging limp over the edge, his thighs splayed, shamelessly displaying his valve and the fluids trickling out of it. One hand slid down his frame, briefly palming his softened spike, the splatter of transfluid making the motion all the more erotic.

"You're right," he said. "I do feel more relaxed."

It took every ounce of self-control in Ratchet's arsenal to keep the heat from flooding his cheeks. Instead, he yanked a mesh cloth out of subspace and tossed it at Megatron's abdomen.

"Clean yourself up," he snapped. "You can't walk out of here looking like that." He was shamed to note that he had, indeed, left a bite mark on Megatron's intake.

"Given the way Rodimus prances around this ship, I don't see how my current state is anything of a problem," Megatron said, with a droll note to his tone that did little to calm Ratchet's building ire.

He ground his denta and bit back on several sharp retorts, choosing instead to scrub at his own frame with a mesh cloth. "Just get out of here. I have work to do."

The berth creaked as Megatron leveraged himself off it, his clean up more cursory than anything. He



still looked freshly fragged, and the white and red streaks along his thighs gave hint to who had done the fragging. Though it might as well have been a neon sign.

Not too many white and red mechs left on the ship, after all.

Megatron performed another one of those sinful stretches. “And if I should find need for another act of stress relief?”

“Pick a hobby,” Ratchet snarled with his back to Megatron, his armor twitching in confused shifts of enemy-not enemy. Auto-badge or not, Ratchet’s self-defense protocols still didn’t know how to identify Megatron.

The former warlord chuckled and strode to the door, casual as you please, overriding the lock with ease. “If you insist.”

“I do. And Megatron?”

He paused in the frame, one optic arched in a gesture that could have been amused or taunting. “Let me guess. This didn’t happen, and it’s not going to happen again.”

Ratchet narrowed his optics. “Get out of my medbay.”

Megatron laughed and swaggered out the door, which closed behind him so quietly, it did not match the irritation boiling in the pit of Ratchet’s tanks. Throwing his soiled mesh cloth at the door didn’t help either.

Frag it. Frag Megatron. Frag everything.

Never again, Ratchet swore. Never again.

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Never again was a promise far more easier kept if it hadn’t been for Rodimus. Who was, as with the way of most things, to blame for the newest debacle which found Megatron pinging the door to Ratchet’s hab-suite with a look that blended desperation and resignation. If Ratchet’s own face hadn’t been radiating the same look, he might have keyed the door to slam shut in front of Megatron’s nose.

His frame betrayed him. The raw need. The billowing heat. The slick on his thighs. The hunger in his tank. The tide of lust that boiled over him the moment he saw Megatron, mouth watering in remembrance of his thick, thick spike and his oh-so-welcoming valve. Because Megatron could keep a secret.

And in the morning, Ratchet could blame Rodimus and keep his conscience relatively free. Or at least, that was what he told himself, when Megatron looked at him and said, “Something’s wrong.”

Ratchet had sighed and gestured Megatron inside with something akin to resignation. “Yeah, I know.”

It started, he would later reflect, on Antioch.

The planet had been advertised as welcoming to metallic beings, even Cybertronians. Friendly, had been the word, along with enthusiastic. Antiochians were organic in nature, tiny quadrupeds with six-fingered hands and several sets of unblinking eyes set into a wide, hairless skull – all of which was more than a little unnerving.

But they liked metallics. They liked Cybertronians. They liked to touch and twitter and made some of the most delicious synthetic oils Ratchet had ever tasted.

They were eager to house their metallic visitors, those few who dared step foot on the planet. Rewind had something in his databanks, something he couldn't quite put his finger on, but was certain they had nothing to fear from Antiochians. They didn't even have weapons, these non-spacefaring but curious organics.

The Antiochians helped the Lost Light refuel and restock. They persuaded some of the more adventurous members of the crew to enjoy their polishing houses. They fed the Lost Light crew until they could consume no more and fell into sleeping piles of mechanisms, the majority of whom managed to get back to their habs on the ship.

There were a few who didn't.

No one could have expected the effect the oils would have on Megatron's system. It had been deemed the oils weren't fuel and were better considered candy – tasty but largely ineffective, so he'd been allowed to consume them. And after he'd promptly slipped into recharge, no one could or would move him. Leaving him behind, alone, wasn't an option.

Ratchet didn't so much volunteer as he was the last mech standing who had a leadership capacity by the time the rest of the crew cleared out. And while he'd consumed his fair share of the Antiochian oil and fuel, he'd had the good sense to engage his FIM chip, leaving him to enjoy the taste but not the effect.

When morning dawned, particularly bright as a planet with three suns could only be, the Antiochians swarmed with solicitous hands and shoving cups of what they called 'the cure' at every mech who hadn't made it back to the Lost Light. Ratchet had taken one out of politeness, though he hadn't needed it, while Megatron chugged two of them, still wobbly and out of sorts from the potent oils.

Ratchet carefully stowed one into his subspace when their hosts weren't looking. He intended to hand it and a sample of the oils to Perceptor because a lifetime of war meant one couldn't be too suspicious.

As Red Alert would say, "just because you're paranoid doesn't mean they aren't out to get you."

Declining further invitations by the Antiochians to rest and recover and celebrate, Ratchet dragged Megatron back to the Lost Light, dumped the still woozy co-captain in his habsuite, and stormed up to the bridge.

Rodimus capered about, citing how excellent of an idea it was to come to Antioch, because wasn't it nice to be welcomed for once? Ultra Magnus stood nearby, frowning severely, arms folded over his chassis. He had not partaken of any of the Antiochian delights, and as Ratchet recalled correctly, had returned to the ship last night with no less than four crewmates slung over his massive arms.

“We cannot afford to linger,” Ultra Magnus said with the kind of firm look that tended to make Rodimus wilt, albeit slowly. “And I don’t trust these Antiochians.”

“Pah. You don’t trust anyone.” Rodimus flicked a wrist, flippant. His spoiler twitched up and down. “This place is a blast. And if you ask me, it’s about time the crew had a little fun.”

Ultra Magnus sighed.

They probably would have stayed on Antioch longer, if not for Perceptor bursting onto the bridge in that moment, vocalizer running a spew of scientific gobbledygook that even Ratchet had difficulty parsing, much less Rodimus. Ultra Magnus looked deeply concerned. Brainstorm, who had been in Perceptor’s wake, looked excited.

Neither of which boded well.

Something to do with chemicals and metabolic rates and exactly how the Antiochians kept themselves safe without having weapons or any means of defense? And why they were so friendly toward metallics? Something about... brood parasites?

“--and Nightbeat confirmed it,” Perceptor finished as he slapped away Brainstorm’s hand, which was inching toward the datapad in his possession. “We need to leave. Now.”

Rodimus’ optics had glazed over, but on the last statement, he’d jerked into attentiveness. “Is everyone onboard?”

“Yes. Including Megatron,” Ratchet said, an unease building deep in his tank, along with a strange and winding heat. “I checked.”

“Right then.” Rodimus clapped his hands together and spun toward the main console. “Mainframe, take us out. No one’s making a sparkling factory out of my crew.”

Never let it be said that Rodimus couldn’t see reason. He only played at the fool. Sometimes, perhaps a little too well.

A wave of queasiness swept through Ratchet. Maybe because of what he’d been able to parse from Perceptor’s explanations. Maybe because the oils and the “cure” didn’t mix well with his FIM chip. Maybe he’d picked up some kind of metallic-based virus while on Antioch.

Either way, Ratchet excused himself from the bridge and tromped back to his habsuite. He was supposed to be off-duty, frag it.

He intended to wash the lingering sourness of the Antiochian cure from his mouth, linger in the solitude of his private washrack, and then collapse face-first on his berth for a nice, long nap free of any stress and worries. Maybe he’d delay that nap to watch a movie or read a datanovel or anything that wasn’t working or worrying himself into a fit over the current state of affairs.

The weird wash of heat returned with a vengeance, strong enough to make Ratchet stumble when he was two hallways away from his hab. He frowned, confused, and kept one hand on the wall to steady himself.

A self-directed internal scan produced nothing out of the ordinary. Well, except for his slightly raised core temperature, a quickened sparkbeat, and thrumming fans. Typical indications of arousal really.

Save that Ratchet wasn't currently engaged in any kind of interfacing and shouldn't be aroused on even a simmering level right now.

Maybe it was some aftereffect of the Antiochian oil. He could be mildly overheated or still suffering ill-effects from what was technically an intoxicant, despite his FIM chip. A little bit of arousal wouldn't kill him. If he didn't feel better tomorrow, he'd perform a systems purge and that should clear it out.

That, at least, was the plan.

Ratchet lurched into his habsuite, doused some of the rising heat with the chill of the washrack solvent, and stubbornly resisted the urge to palm the pulse of need rising behind his interface panel.

It was not going away. If anything, it was getting worse. Little crackles of charge teased out of his seams. There was a fire building between his thighs. He could feel the lubricant gathering and his meshwalls swelling with excitement. His sparkrate further increased. His ventilations grew stronger.

He staggered out of the washrack and tumbled onto his medberth, pressing his thighs together in stubborn refusal. There was an itch in his lines, a feverish one. Ratchet panted, his hands curling into claws as he resisted.

This was not normal. His sensors kept pinging back everything as within safe bounds, that his frame experienced nothing less than typical arousal. But it was fake. It had to be.

The Antiochians. The rich, indulgent oils. Their insistence that the crew linger as long as they wished.

Rumors of their brood parasitic tendencies.

It was all adding up. Ratchet snarled in a mixture of irritation and revulsion. He was going to kill Rodimus for this, he decided.

That was when his door pinged. That was when it pinged twice and then a third time. That was when Ratchet rolled out of the berth and stumbled toward the door on wobbly knees, a snarl painting his lips, which were drawn back over his denta.

He snapped the door open, intending to growl out an unwelcoming "what?" but it petered into a whine when he saw Megatron. The simmering arousal raged into an inferno. He remembered all too well the ecstasy he'd experienced the two times that didn't happen.

"Something's wrong," Megatron said.

Rationality and reason escaped Ratchet's processor with a whoosh of his cooling fans. "Yeah, I know," he said. "Get in here."

And so Megatron came into his habsuite. Ratchet wondered if he should bother with an explanation when his hands found themselves magnetically attracted to Megatron's hips, when he leaned in close, dragged in a deep vent, and moaned softly.

"I find myself more than a little confounded, medic," Megatron rumbled, though his armor jittered, and his field was a chaotic tangle of need and confusion. "I thought this didn't happen."

“It didn’t.” Ratchet worked his intake, his processor spinning, his mouth wet with lubricant. “But it’s happening now. Those damn Antiochians have us prepped for their absurd reproduction technique.”

Megatron’s hands found Ratchet’s shoulders, big and strong as they were, and Ratchet leaned into them. “What?”

“It’s Rodimus’ quest!” Ratchet spluttered, his hands sinking into Megatron’s seams, stroking the sensitive cables beneath. Delight surged through his lines as Megatron shuddered and sank into his touch, as his plating parted of its own accord, granting Ratchet more access. “This kind of weirdness shouldn’t be shocking anymore.”

“It’s more alarming that I am getting used to it,” Megatron muttered. His burning gaze turned down on Ratchet. “You’re offering mutual assistance, I presume?”

Ratchet pressed closer, armor to armor, heat to heat. “Why? Are you waiting for an invitation?”

Megatron’s hands slid inward, thumbs gracing Ratchet’s intake, teasing the sensitive cabling there. Yet, his hands trembled, proving that he was as affected as Ratchet. What monumental restraint it must have taken him not to throw Ratchet to the floor and grind against him, like Ratchet wanted to do right at this very moment.

“Given the circumstances, yes.”

Ratchet growled and sank his fingers in against Megatron’s cables. Hard. “Frag me,” he demanded as his optics flashed, and he tugged Megatron flush against him. “As many times as it takes.”

That, apparently, was all he’d needed to say. Megatron’s optics turned the dark red hue of those meteors Rodimus was so fond of surfing, before he lifted Ratchet clear off the ground and crossed the floor in a few swift strides, right to the berth. Ratchet’s back hit the surface with a clang, his frame blanked by Megatron’s, whose field unleashed, lashing the room with the full brunt of his arousal.

Ratchet moaned into a kiss fierce with denta, his frame bucking into Megatron’s hands, his legs trying to wind around Megatron’s waist, even as Megatron tried to get his knees over Ratchet’s hips to straddle him.

Ratchet bucked up against him. “Frag me,” he hissed into the kiss, his hands hooked in Megatron’s armor, his panel already open as his valve throbbed and leaked lubricant, which trickled down his aft.

Megatron’s hands gripped his hips as he ground down against Ratchet. “I am attempting to do so,” he growled and again tangled a leg around Ratchet’s, their inefficient wrestling getting them nowhere.

A streak of damp painted Ratchet’s leg. He didn’t have to look to know that Megatron’s panel had snapped open, and like Ratchet’s, only his valve was bared. Neither of them had extended their spike.

Ratchet wondered if they couldn’t.

He snarled out of frustration and squirmed against Megatron, armor grinding and squealing together,

heat building to a crescendo between them. His valve ached, all of his nodes twitching with restless need. His main node throbbed, swollen and hungry, desperate for stimulation, and each random brush of Megatron's armor was torture.

"Give me your spike!" Ratchet demanded as he tried to worm a hand between their frames.

Megatron's denta curled against his intake cables, but not hard enough to harm. "You first," he retorted.

"This is ridiculous!" Ratchet spluttered and jerked his head out of reach of Megatron's mouth, as tempting as it was. "Just spike me already."

"No." Megatron rutted against him, panting, a wild look in his optics that suggested he wasn't thinking straight. And considering how much harder the Antiochian oil had affected him last night, no doubt this false lust was harder on him than on Ratchet.

He supposed he'd have to concede for once. Except that he couldn't, because he couldn't seem to extend his spike. Not even manually. It wasn't that the panel wasn't working, or that he couldn't send the commands, they just weren't being heeded. He suspected Megatron faced the same difficulty.

Time to get creative.

Ratchet gripped Megatron and exerted more force than most mecha knew he – and by extension – medics were capable of. He tumbled Megatron onto his back, straddled Megatron's left leg, and had Megatron's right draped around his waist before the warlord even knew what was going on. The berth shuddered and protested beneath them, but held, even as Ratchet gripped Megatron's right thigh and pushed it slightly back, baring Megatron's dripping valve which was now achingly close to Ratchet's own.

"What the frag are you doing!" Megatron demanded, only for his outrage to peter into a moan as Ratchet rolled his hips forward, the plush swollen mesh of his valve brushing over Megatron's engorged anterior node.

"Getting creative," Ratchet said on the edge of a pant. He rolled his hips again, thrusting against Megatron's valve with his own. "You can't give me your spike, and I can't give you mine. This'll have to do."

Megatron gasped and reached down, one hand curling around Ratchet's right thigh and dragging him closer, until their valves were flush together in a wet, swollen kiss. "It's perfect," he groaned as his free hand tangled in the berth.

Megatron arched his backstrut, rolling his hips into Ratchet's movements, until they established a rhythm. Ratchet licked his lips, drawing vents through his mouth, as his spark thumped erratically.

There was nothing quite like valve-to-valve interfacing. The wet touch of valve lips, one to the other, the nudge and duel of swollen anterior nodes. Feeling the twitch of the other mechs' outermost ring of calipers. Valve lubricants intermingling and spilling together, making for a slick mess. The sound of it, so noisy and lewd, and the sensation, similar to a glossa but less focused and firmer pressure. It was almost a tease, save that it felt so good.

Ratchet leaned forward, grinding harder against Megatron, pleasure licking up his spinal strut in

heavy, heated waves. He watched as Megatron's head tilted back, as he moaned and gasped, expressing losing the lines of strain and smoothing out into genuine pleasure. His field spilled over Ratchet's, hot and hungry, and his frame vented heat into the room. Little sparks of charge danced over his armor, leaping against Ratchet's own.

Ecstasy built and swelled in Ratchet's internals, punctuated by a surge of pleasure every time their anterior nodes touched. Megatron's hand on his thigh was heavy, strong, desperate as it pulled Ratchet against him. Their frames moved together as if they'd always known this dance. Or maybe that was the need talking.

Either way, pleasure exploded in Ratchet like a supernova, sparkles dancing in his optics. He gasped as he overloaded, hips jerking against Megatron's, valve spilling so much lubricant it must have soaked his berth cover. His hips made several stuttered thrusts against Megatron's who suddenly growled and tightened his grip on Ratchet's thigh. His optics flashed as he bucked, ecstasy striping his field and a surge of charge running down his frame, grounding against Ratchet's armor.

Their valves throbbed in tandem, pressed together in a most intimate kiss. Ratchet panted for ventilations, his processor spinning, frame thrumming with the aftereffects of a powerful overload... and a hunger that felt as though it had barely been touched.

Need still yawed inside of him. His valve clenched, desperate for something to pierce it. The one overload was not nearly enough.

Ratchet groaned. "I'm going to kill Rodimus," he said as he sagged, coming to a reluctant conclusion.

"Later," Megatron said before he turned the tables.

He twisted his hips in a move that Ratchet barely believed him capable of, and Ratchet's back hit the berth, knocking a ventilation out of him. His processor spun, producing an incoherent 'wha?' before Megatron knelt between his legs, scooped Ratchet's thighs over his arms, and buried his face against Ratchet's valve.

Ratchet's head snapped back, and his backstrut arched as Megatron latched his lips around Ratchet's swollen nub and gave it a suck. Ratchet shouted, his hands scrabbling at Megatron's shoulders, his hips bucking up against Megatron's mouth. His vents roared to life, ecstasy shooting through his lines in a bolt of charge.

Megatron was fierce, determined, lips and denta and glossa making short work of examining every inch of Ratchet's valve. He suckled on the plump folds and plunged his glossa deep, nasal ridge grinding against Ratchet's node. His denta scraped delicately over sensitive nodes before he returned to Ratchet's nub, pinned it between his denta, and lashed it with his glossa.

Ratchet thrashed, hands grabbing at Megatron's head, shoving him against his valve as he ground against Megatron's face. Coherent thought flew out the window as the ecstasy sparked and flared inside of him, his thighs trembling and his frame rattling. Pleasure consumed him, so hot it swept up everything else.

He didn't even realize he was spewing a steady stream of dirty epithets and encouragement until sound came through the static in his audials. A montage of 'frag' and 'more' and 'harder, rust you' until he felt Megatron chuckle against his valve and obey, lips making lewd noises as he joyfully consumed Ratchet's valve.

Another lash of Megatron's glossa, followed by a sharp, squeezing pinch of denta, and overload swept Ratchet up, tossing him into a wave of bliss. He writhed on the berth, distantly aware of hearing a click and some kind of ping inside his processor, as he rode Megatron's mouth for all it was worth.

Wrecked, he collapsed back into his body, tremors making him twitch, fans venting heat into the room at a fast pace. Megatron hummed against his valve, gave it a final lick and then crawled up Ratchet's frame.

"You have a dirty mouth, medic," he growled before his lips descended on Ratchet's, tasting of heat and charge and Ratchet's own lubricant.

Ratchet sucked on Megatron's glossa, arousal running in jagged lines down his backstrut. His valve throbbed, still desperate. The confirmation ping reasserted itself.

*Override successful. Penetrative interface unit engaged.*

Sure enough, he felt the heat against his spike, and the brush of it against Megatron's armor, each light touch sending jolts of pleasure and heat through Ratchet's array. Lust still burned through him, as though it was a hunger nothing could sate. He clutched at Megatron's arms and moaned into the kiss, his processor spinning and the world tilting beneath him.

He needed.

Megatron nipped his lips and chuckled. "Well, what do we have here?" he purred as he pulled back and looked between their frames, at Ratchet's spike standing proud and eager, pre-fluid already beading at the slit.

"You know damn well what that is," Ratchet retorted as he rolled his hips, grinding the head of his spike against Megatron's abdomen. "And if you're very good, I might even put it in you."

A soft sound escaped from Megatron's mouth, a mix of groan and whine. "Is that so?" He laughed again, more air than vocals. "I'm not so sure it can do the job."

Outrage took the edge of the arousing need burning in his lines. "Excuse me?" Ratchet spluttered. "It seemed to do just fine last time!"

"The time that didn't happen, you mean?" Megatron shifted and reached between their frames, dragging a finger up the length of Ratchet's spike.

Ratchet made a strangled sound as his spike throbbed. "Do you want to get spiked or not, fragger?"

"I suppose it'll do," Megatron said with an aggrieved sigh that had to be feigned. He smirked down at Ratchet. "If it's the best you have."

The best, hm? Ratchet had a little surprise in store for Megatron, if he was going to act like that.

"Then move," Ratchet said. "Get that aft in the air."

Megatron laughed against Ratchet's lips. "Such a dirty mouth," he murmured and stole Ratchet's lips for another scorching kiss before he drew back to obey.



Ratchet rather liked that, Megatron obeying without so much as a complaint or protest. Obedience was a good look for him. Ratchet slipped out from under Megatron and moved behind the former warlord, admiring the view. Now wasn't the time, he knew, but he could just imagine Megatron wrapped in ropes, crimson ones, wound around his frame. Perhaps even framing this pretty valve right here.

Ratchet's fingers grazed over Megatron's valve lips, which were plump and hungry, lubricant painting them with an opalescent sheen. Megatron's anterior node was swollen and bright, his biolights flickering with need. Two fingers sank into him easily, and Ratchet groaned as they were enveloped in hot, squeezing mesh, calipers rippling and trying to drag him deeper.

"This is not the time for teasing, medic," Megatron growled as his forehead hit the berth, his fingers kneading the rumpled cover.

Ratchet smirked. "No, it's not." He patted Megatron's aft and retrieved his fingers. He slipped off the berth. "I think I have something you'll like."

"Your spike in me is what I asked for!"

Ratchet's smirk widened. He stumbled across the floor to his locker and input the code with fingers shaky and sticky with Megatron's lubricant. The smell of it was dizzying, and Ratchet's mouth lubricated.

Later, he told himself.

He rummaged around in his locker before he found what he was looking for: the special gift Wheeljack had pressed into his hands before he left with Rodimus and the Lost Light. For those lonely, lonely nights out in the middle of space when he needed a little stress relief.

Well. Perhaps little was the wrong word.

The false spike with a vast array of vibration and pumping settings could hardly be called little. It was long and thick, ribbed for pleasure, and filled every inch of Ratchet's valve and then some when he had the patience and the time to himself to indulge.

It was also garishly painted, because Wheeljack had a sense of humor, but it filled Ratchet with fondness every time he saw the bright orange spatters mingled with bright blue and purple streaks. So he didn't curse Wheeljack too much. At least, not aloud.

Ratchet returned to the berth, false spike in hand, and upon sight of it, Megatron burst into laughter. "What in Primus' name is that?"

"A special treat," Ratchet said with a wink. "You said you didn't think my spike could do the job, didn't you?"

"That is a monstrosity," Megatron retorted, but his optics had gone dark with pleasure and more lubricant trickled from his valve. It visibly twitched, as if already imagining the false spike.

Ratchet chuckled and teased the tip against Megatron's valve, playing in the gathered lubricant and applying pressure to Megatron's node. "Are you saying you don't want to play with it then?" he asked, pretending innocence, even as he briefly flicked the vibration setting on and off, sending a

buzz against Megatron's array.

A strangled groan was Megatron's reply. The berth creaked as he rocked back against the toy, his hands tangling in the berth covers.

"I could always take it away," Ratchet added, with perhaps a touch more devilish glee. He flicked the vibrations on and off again, as he nudged the head of the spike inside Megatron's valve, only to remove it just as quickly.

"Frag you!" Megatron hissed as his optics burned at Ratchet, alight with the fire of his need. "Shove that spike in me or so help me I will--"

Whatever he planned to say choked off on a moan as Ratchet slipped the toy into Megatron's valve, the way eased by copious lubricant, and thrust into him agonizingly slow. So slow he could feel every ridge, every bump, as it filled his valve and stretched his calipers and finally, ground against his ceiling node.

Megatron gasped, his hips squirmed. His elbows buckled and he sank down, aft up in the air, pushing back toward the toy. His engine growled as he kneaded the berth, lubricant painting the back of his thighs and his aft, his biolights bright and pulsing.

Ratchet licked his lips, ground the toy just a tad deeper, and then flicked on the vibration to its lowest setting. The quiet hum was barely audible over the roar of Megatron's vents. His lower half wriggled as he moaned, thrusting back against the toy as Ratchet set up a rhythm, grinding it deep each time.

"Not so horrible now, is it?" Ratchet taunted. His spike throbbed, and he dropped his free hand to his array, giving it a squeeze. Pleasure lanced through him. He groaned.

He wanted to frag Megatron. The way his valve lips swelled. The sweet, heady scent of lubricant. How he squirmed and groaned. Ratchet wanted to grab him by the hips, pound Megatron's aft, and spill himself deep.

The mere thought of it made Ratchet's spike throb harder. He groaned as he stroked himself, fisting his spike with abandon.

Megatron moaned and his hips swayed as he eagerly clenched on the spike. "You should... make use of that," he growled.

"Of what?" Ratchet asked.

"Your spike." Megatron shoved himself up onto his elbows and directed a glare over his shoulder. "Frag me."

"And here I thought you were enjoying my toy." Ratchet moved closer, rolling his hips so that his spike brushed over the back of Megatron's thighs. He increased the strength of the vibrations.

Megatron visibly shivered. His hands kneaded at the berth. "I am." He panted, optics glazed over, and then there was a click.

Ratchet's optics widened, lust like lightning in his lines, as Megatron's aft port cycled open. The smaller opening clenched hungrily, and Ratchet's ventilations quickened. He never thought, in a thousand centuries, that he'd ever find himself with the opportunity to frag Megatron's aft.

Literally.

“You’re sure?” Ratchet asked, even as he spread pre-fluid over his spike, and gathered up some of Megatron’s lubricant, smearing it around and over Megatron’s aft port. His hands shook from anticipation.

“Wouldn’t have offered if I wasn’t.” Megatron’s forehead pressed into the berth again, his aft canted up in offering.

Oh, Primus.

Ratchet flicked the switch to notch the vibrating toy into place and activated the pumping action, keeping it on the lowest setting so he’d have both hands free. He shuffled closer on his knees, his hand steadying Megatron’s hip as the other guided his spike to that tiny port.

Well, tiny in comparison to Megatron’s valve, but perfect for Ratchet’s spike, he realized with a groan. There was resistance at first, the tiniest bit, before the head of Ratchet’s spike popped inside, and he sank into snug, rippling heat. Ratchet moaned as he pushed deeper and deeper, charge nipping his spike, the increased roar of Megatron’s engines vibrating them both. Even better that he could feel the pump and vibration of the toy filling Megatron’s valve as it carried through Megatron’s array.

Ratchet moaned and gripped Megatron’s hips. He panted, half-curved around Megatron’s lower half, his spike throbbing incessantly and the grip of Megatron’s aft making him see stars. He couldn’t quite thrust, the sensation too strong and arousing. He lingered for a moment, enjoying the squeeze and heat as he leaned over Megatron.

“Do something, medic!” Megatron growled as he bucked up against Ratchet.

Damn, impatient fragger.

Ratchet snarled and tightened his grip. He rose up on wobbly knees and started to thrust, slow at first, but gaining in speed with each subsequent push. Megatron’s frame opened to him, hot and welcoming, until Megatron shoved back against him needily, the crown of his head pressed into the berth.

“Harder!” Megatron demanded as his fingers tangled in the covers, and his plating flared, and his field stirred Ratchet’s into a frenzy. “Harder if you even think you can, old mech.”

The goads shot Ratchet’s arousal into new heights. And the sounds, Primus the sounds Megatron made. Little gasps and groans, whimpers buried in the rumbles of his engine, the copious trickles of lubricant, the revving of his engine. Megatron made a noise, like a keen, and his field flashed. His aft rippled around Ratchet’s spike as his rocking increased in earnest, and only then did Ratchet realize Megatron had overloaded.

There wasn’t a moment, however, where Megatron stopped moving. He kept shoving back against Ratchet, demanding more with his frame and his voice, lips spilling filthy challenges. Demanding that Ratchet frag him harder, make him feel it, mark him, fill him with transfluid, while the toy buzzed and danced and charge crackled blindingly over Megatron’s armor.

Ratchet groaned and sank deep into Megatron, hips making little stuttered jerks and circles, as

overload swept over him. Pleasure sparked through him, stole his energy. His knees wobbled. His vents panted. His processor spun. He clutched at Megatron's hips, emptying transfluid into Megatron's aft with spurt after spurt.

Heat still raged through his lines in an inferno.

His world turned upside down, as Megatron seemed so fond of doing, and Ratchet had a moment of confusion as his spike slipped free of the snug place it had enjoyed. His back hit the berth, Megatron's hands grabbed his hips, and then Megatron's spike plunged into his valve in one fell swoop, lighting up every node along the way and making them sing.

Ratchet gasped, backstrut arching. He scrabbled at Megatron's hands as the former warlord setting up a driving pace, shoving Ratchet into the berth. There was a low buzz on the edge of his senses. A buzz...

"Wait, the toy. Let me--"

"Leave it," Megatron growled, his optics as dark and hungry as embers as he plunged into Ratchet, again and again.

Just the thought of that toy filling Megatron while he fragged Ratchet was enough to send Ratchet's arousal soaring. Every overload felt like a sip of energon when he were starving, like wetting his glossa but not sating his hunger. He wanted and needed more.

Ratchet snarled, grabbed Megatron's arms, and tightened his legs around Megatron's hips. He rose up to meet each thrust, valve greedily clenching on Megatron's spike and feeding charge into Megatron's node receptors. The berth creaked and rattled beneath them as they fragged hard and fast, like the world was going to end tomorrow and this was all they had left.

The world narrowed down to nothing but this, the thick spike filling him, the eager clutch of his calipers, the heavy frame pressing him down, the charge that licked across his frame and snapped against Megatron's. The clench of Megatron's denta, the flash of fire in his optics, the need so blatant in his field which had become thoroughly tangled in Ratchet's own. If he wasn't so lust-drunk, he might have been able to read something of Megatron, secrets the once-warlord kept hidden. Right now, there was nothing but a deep craving.

Ratchet reached up and grabbed Megatron by the back of his head. He pulled Megatron's mouth to his, though it was less kiss than a battle of glossa and denta. Their ex-vents intermingled, hot and humid. They rocked together, armor making a racket, the berth shuddering. Ratchet's thighs tightened.

Megatron shoved deep, grinding hard, and then Ratchet felt the hot splatter of transfluid washing over his internal nodes. He shuddered, panting into the kiss, as the heat sent him into an overload of his own, his valve squeezing down tight on Megatron's spike. The kiss never once softened, not even as the overload tremors eased, but the lust remained, and the need as well.

Like Ratchet's, Megatron's spike was still firm. It lingered in Ratchet's valve, teasing his excited nodes, re-invigorating his arousal.

"It's never going to end," Ratchet groaned and he wasn't sure if it was exasperation or delight at this point. He still felt charged, like he hadn't had three overloads and there was enough energy inside him for a dozen more.

Megatron chuckled. “Can’t you keep up, medic? Or are you getting too old for this?”

“Frag you,” Ratchet retorted, though with less heat than he would have liked. “I’ll show you what I can still do. Roll over.”

Megatron smirked and slipped out of Ratchet, obeying as he had before. There was always something impertinent in his obedience, but hungry, too. Like the submission was something he wanted, but was afraid to admit.

Ratchet would never state aloud how much it ramped his charge. The idea of suborning Megatron to his will, not because he was a former warlord, but because he was big and strong and hungry, filled Ratchet with lust.

He slid between Megatron’s legs and slipped his hands under Megatron’s knees as Megatron relaxed into the berth. A king on his throne. The toy still peeked from his valve, the bright orange end an odd juxtaposition to the grays and reds of Megatron’s armor. It buzzed along, on the softest speed, yet Megatron didn’t seem to mind the constant stimulation.

“Let’s see how flexible you really are,” Ratchet said as he started to urge Megatron’s knees back toward his chassis, as Ratchet shuffled forward.

Megatron smirked. “I can handle anything.”

“Of course you can.” Ratchet laughed and eased Megatron’s legs further back, until his knees were nearly touching his chassis, before he pushed them out a bit, completely baring his aft port, valve, and spike.

“I take it the rumors of your experience are true?” Megatron said with an arched orbital ridge. His frame trembled as his valve visibly clenched around the end of the toy.

“You have no idea.” Ratchet smirked and moved until he straddled Megatron’s aft, his valve lining up perfectly with Megatron’s, so that their main nodes touched and the vibrations of the toy pleased Ratchet as well. He sank down, grinding against Megatron’s valve, a bolt of ecstasy rattling through his lines.

Megatron, too, gasped, his optics flaring in surprise. His knees twitched in Ratchet’s grip, even more so when Ratchet leaned forward, as if he were thrusting into Megatron, and rocked their hips together, valves in delicious contact.

Megatron purred. “So I see.” He slipped his hands between their frames. “But I have a few tricks as well.” He grasped their spikes and pressed them together, squeezing them with his huge hands.

Ratchet’s head hung as he groaned. His knees wobbled, and his rhythm briefly stuttered before he found it again. Megatron stroked them together, throbbing metal to throbbing metal, as the pleated folds of their valves kissed. The vibrations of the toy rattled against the exterior of Ratchet’s valve, stimulating his anterior node.

“It’s a... good trick,” Ratchet panted as he rocked against Megatron, grinding their arrays together and pumping his spike into Megatron’s grip. The feel of Megatron’s spike against his, heated and throbbing, was an extra burst of eroticism.

Megatron chuckled, but it was breathless and distracted. He rolled up to meet Ratchet's thrusts as best he could, their combined pre-fluid making his strokes slick and sweet. He gnawed on his lips, his backstrut arched, his field vibrating with pleasure.

Every nudge of their anterior nodes made Ratchet quiver. His backstrut licked with lightning. He groaned, head hanging, mouth open for desperate draughts of cooler air which were nowhere to be found. Ecstasy hovered in the wings, matching the beat of Ratchet's sparks and the rhythm of their frames.

In the end, he wasn't sure which of them succumbed first, he or Megatron. It was a blur of heat and wet, transfluid painting Megatron's fingers and lubricant slicking their arrays. Megatron groaned and pawed at Ratchet with transfluid-sticky fingers and Ratchet's balance abandoned him as he toppled forward on top of Megatron, scrabbling up to pull their mouths together.

Their limbs tangled. The scent of scorched circuits and hot metal and spent transfluid and lubricant soaked the air until it was dizzying. The noise of frames coming together, sliding and impacting, rang in Ratchet's audials.

Ratchet groaned, his engine revving. He wanted, no, needed more. More overloads, more ecstasy, more to sate the hunger inside of him, the slick rippling of his valve, the desperate throb of his spike. Megatron's roaming, gripping hands reflected the same urgency, the same driving need. If it bothered him, Megatron didn't say so. Instead, he rocked with Ratchet, ground against him, wordlessly asking for more with lips and denta and fingers.

Ratchet obliged because he wanted it, too. His processor spun and the world blurred into sensations: hot and wet and smooth and soft and pleasure, pleasure, pleasure until it seemed to take over all the rest.

It was going to be a long, long night.

~

Everything hurt. Ached like it hadn't since he'd woken from a night celebrating his graduation from the medical academy with the highest honors, and had partied until long past sunrise with five of his closest friends. Engex, candies, and the kind of creative interfacing that only a half-dozen medics could think of.

That had been a good night, but the morning, or late afternoon rather, had been rough. Stiff and sore and aching everywhere, but in a good way, depleted of all of his fluids, vocals a rough rasp, frame marked with lubricant and transfluid and so many paint transfers on his frame he looked like a hot mess.

At the time, he'd wondered if Wrench had slipped a little something extra into their engex, to extend the fun.

Ratchet felt a lot like that now. Exhausted. Sore. Wrung out. Needing to replenish all his fluids, but energon and coolant especially. The consuming heat had faded, leaving him only with the soft warmth of another frame flush with his. He ached, but felt satisfied, and like he could recharge for another few days, if allowed.

At some point, the evening had become a blur of overloads and fluids and hands and valves and spikes. He vaguely remembered the press of Megatron's body on top of his, a languid pace as Megatron thrust into him and fingered his aft port at the same time and Ratchet spilling transfluid all over the berth as he overloaded. He remembered swallowing Megatron's spike as Megatron writhed on the toy, which had been increased to the strongest vibrations at some point. There had been grappling and rolling around, their frames pressed together, arching against each other, armor scraping.

He'd ridden Megatron's spike more than once. He'd bent down and licked his own transfluid from Megatron's aft while Megatron swallowed his spike. Ratchet had taken Megatron's aft again while Megatron sucked on his fingers, mouth wicked and optics dark. At some point, he'd taken out the toy and fragged Megatron with four fingers, his promise to fist Megatron at some point dragging another overload out of Megatron.

No wonder he ached. It had been a night of debauchery unlike anything Ratchet had experienced in centuries. Everything tasted and smelled and felt of interfacing.

Ratchet probably should move. He didn't know if he could. He didn't have the energy. There was a heavy weight on top of him, a head pillowed on his shoulder, a heavier arm and leg draped over his frame. Megatron's field was thoroughly entangled with his as well, which was something Ratchet could have never anticipated either.

And then Megatron's optics unshuttered, and Ratchet lost his chance to sneak away before the uncomfortable morning after needed to be addressed.

Megatron stared at him for a long moment, as though trying to see who was going to make the first move. Ratchet decided to bite the bullet

Megatron chuckled, vocals rough and grated, vibrating down Ratchet's spinal strut, though he didn't have the energy for lust to stir. "Is this the part where you tell me it's never happening again?"

Ratchet snorted. "I think that ship has left port." He tried to move and his entire frame creaked. It wasn't even Megatron's weight that kept him immobile. "I can't move."

"Neither can I." Megatron made an aborted attempt to lift his arm, but all it did was slide a little over Ratchet's abdomen.

"Frag."

"I believe we both did that last night. Multiple times."

Ratchet rolled his optics. "You're not funny."

Megatron's ex-vents teased against Ratchet's intake. "Actually, I think I'm hilarious."

If Ratchet could move, he'd hide behind his palm right now. As it was, all he could do was sigh. "This is all Rodimus' fault."

Megatron's smirk was positively obscene. "Remind me to thank him later."

Ratchet sank into the berth, surrendering to the pull of comfort and to the demands of his frame. If he

was going to be stuck here, he might as well enjoy it. “This--”

“--doesn’t happen again?”

“No, you aft, I was going to say this is a bad idea,” Ratchet snapped, and made himself ignore the twinge of guilt radiating through his spark. He shuttered his optics and cycled a ventilation. “As was joining this quest so apparently, I’m full of them.”

Megatron laughed, soft and genuine. “Being that I didn’t have a choice in the matter, I find your comparison of the two strangely apt.”

Ratchet snorted. “Does that mean you’re trying to figure out how you can escape? Or that I’m as appealing as fool’s energon?”

“If you were so foul, I would not be here, medic,” Megatron growled snappishly. He twitched on the berth, moving his leg a few inches but not fully off Ratchet.

One optic onlined to direct a glare at Megatron. “What a stirring compliment. And here I thought you were supposed to be some kind of poet.”

“You want me to wax lyrical about your skills in the berth? I’m sure that one will be a hit at Swerve’s later this evening. If I can find the strength to move from this spot,” Megatron said dryly. Humor lurked in his tone.

Ratchet abruptly got a mental image of Megatron standing in front of a crowd at the bar and reading a dirty limerick with a completely straight face, while the rest of the patrons looked on in a mixture of horror and confused arousal. The image was so clear, so absurd, that Ratchet burst into laughter, and then he couldn’t stop. Because everything about this was ridiculous, from the quest down to what had happened in this berth last night, and somehow, it was all fitting.

“If you do, please record it,” Ratchet managed to gasp out as the laughter started to subside, but the humor lingered.

“I’ll keep a private copy, just for you.” Megatron shifted on the berth, not managing to put much distance between them. “So then, medic, what now?”

In other words, where did they go from here? Their fields were still intertwined, though Ratchet couldn’t read anything from Megatron’s, save the distant echoes of agitation, resignation, and a touch of shame.

Ratchet sighed, flopped himself into a side curl and pressed back against Megatron. “Now we go back to recharge because I’m too tired to deal with this slag right now.”

He felt the rumbles of Megatron’s laugh against his backstrut. “Works for me.” His hand draped over Ratchet’s side.

The most surprising was how unthreatened Ratchet felt. His defense protocols should have been screaming at him. This was Megatron after all, the mech responsible for millions of deaths and destruction, and everything Ratchet hated.

The universe was a complicated place now, Ratchet admitted to himself. And people were complicated things. Or maybe he was just too tired to think about this rationally.



So he offlined his optics and prepared to slip back into recharge. He made a mental note to contact someone who could both keep their mouth shut and be willing to bring he and Megatron the necessary fluids before they slipped into stasis for lack of coolant.

His life had become really strange. Or maybe it had always been. Ratchet didn't know anymore. He just knew this was the beginning of something he couldn't name.

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## End Notes

Yep, other crewmates were affected by the Antiochian "sex pollen". Who was it? Well, I'm leaving that open-ended just in case I wanna play in this universe some more. ;)

As always, feedback is more than welcome and appreciated.

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